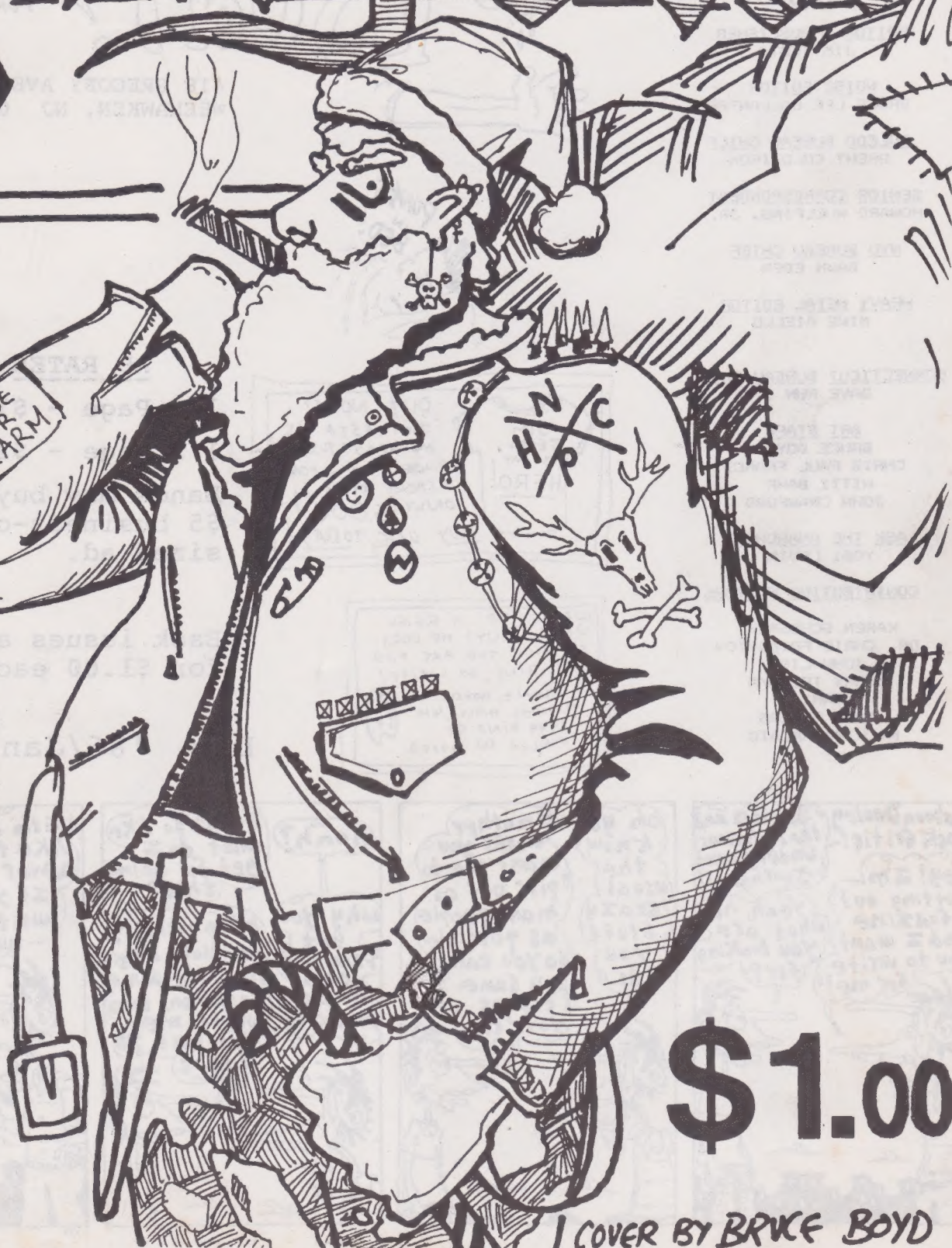


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Under the Beat

29

SPECIAL
X-MAS
ISSUE!!



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COVER BY BRUCE BOYD



Vol. V, No. V



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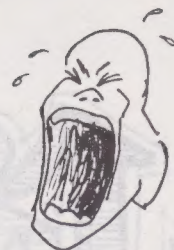
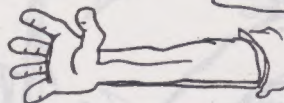
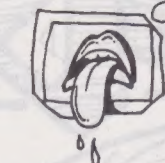
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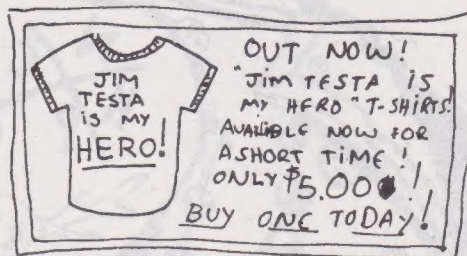


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IN
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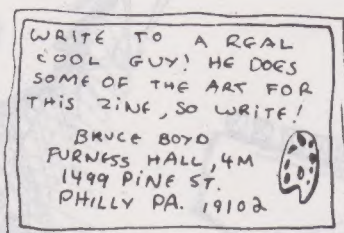


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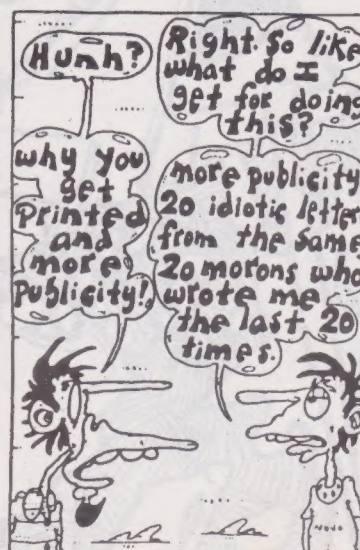
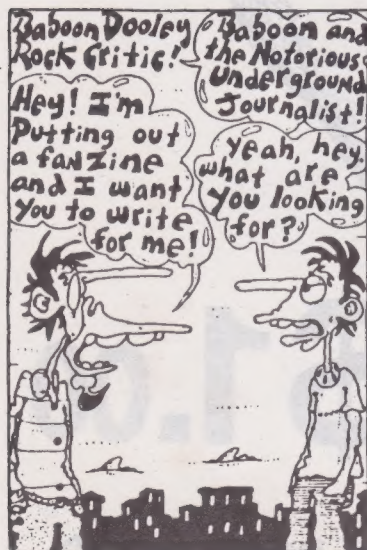
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Dec. '86/Jan. '87



THE TOP 10 REASONS FOR DOING A FANZINE

10. See Baboon Dcoleys before anybody else.

9. Complimentary passes to the Dirt Club every Tuesday.

8. Get all Homestead records free.

7. Hanging out at Maxwells with other rock critics.

6. Vote in Pazz & Jop Poll.

5. Free membership in APRC.

4. Yearly invite to New Music Seminar.

3. Get your name in Conflict.

2. Fan mail.

1. Get to do scene reports for Maximum Rock N Roll.

Another year down the tubes. At the end of this one, though, you can't help but feel it's been tough times for folks who like the kinda music we write about here. Half the New York club scene folded - goodbye Folk City (and "The Big Combo"), Irving Plaza, The Dive - and we lost some good people - Pat Clarke, Ruth Polsky, Bob Chich, Rudie Roszinski. Disco continued to predominate as the cultural nightlife of the city; there are still lines around the block at Palladium and Limelight, not at CBGB and Maxwells. And speaking of Maxwells - home of the hip, last bastion of the indie underground - my most unforgettable moment of the year occurred there. It was at sound check last summer for my band, the Love Pushers', last gig there. It was a hot early evening, and after soundcheck I wandered from the backroom into the front to get a beer. There was a table full of Yuppies just finishing dinner and one of them looked at me, in my sweat-soaked t-shirt and holding a guitar, made a face, and said, "Ooh, what's he doing here?" The times, they are a'changin'.

This issue is full of polls and lists, not so much to assuage our egos (altho that's part of it) as to give you readers (a.) an idea of what kind of stuff turns us on, so you'll know which writers have tastes similar to your own, and (b.) so maybe you'll actually check out some of the records and bands that we feel made the biggest contributions last year.

Some unfinished business from last issue: Those cool cartoons ("Conflict Staff Meeting," "APRC News Conference," and "Reasons To Do A Fanzine") were by Dave Run It, who refuses to sign his work so it does get a little confusing. Once again, we don't have any fanzine reviews in this issue, 'cos first, there just isn't enough room, and secondly, because I spent a few weeks compiling a super-comprehensive Greater NY fanzine directory for the APRC. So if you want fanzine listings, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to APRC Directory, 151 First Ave. Box A, New York, NY 10003, and we'll send you one. So okay, on to 1987. Just for the record, we started 1986 printing 800 copies of this 'zine; our last issue of '86 sold out of 1,000 copies in about 3 weeks. Many thanks to our advertisers, readers, subscribers, and supporters, and to our friends at Conflict and Forced Exposure for making us so famous.

See you in the funny papers...

- Jim Testa



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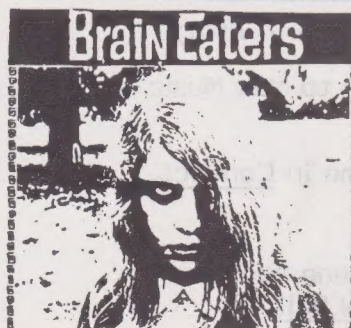
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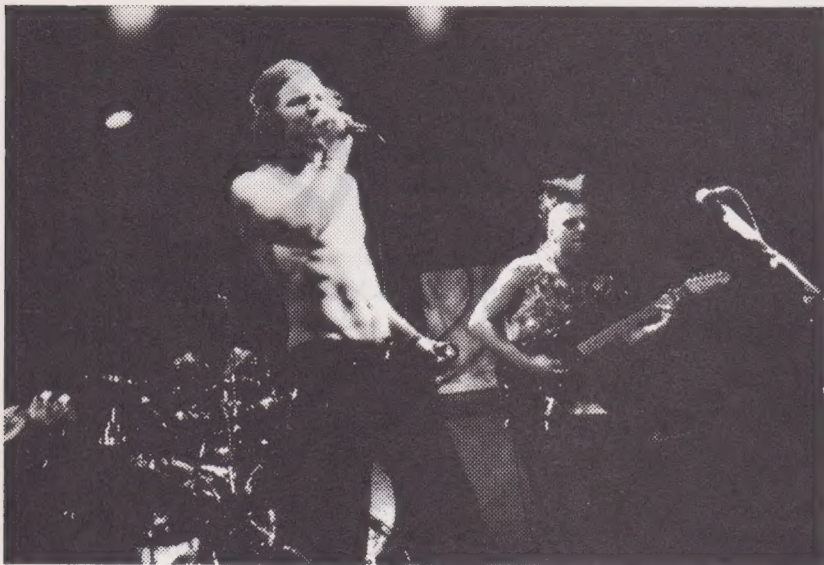
Destined to be the new darlings of the Hoboken/Coyote cowpunk scene? Well...maybe. WALKING WOUNDED certainly have the credentials: ex-members of Yo La Tengo, Human Switchboard, and a current A-Bone making twangy, country-ish pop with a nice beat. If you have Yo La Tengo's Ride The Tiger, just listen to Dave Schramm's two songs and imagine them extended through an entire set. That's Walking Wounded. Schramm gets to play frontman for an entire set, with new face Todd Novak adding a 2nd guitar, Ron Metz on drums, Mike Lewis on bass, and Terry Karydes on keyboards. There's really nothing terribly new going on here, but Schramm has an unusual and ingratiating voice, and it's great to see Human Switchboard's Ron Metz back in a band. Look for them on Luxury Condos II...

Ghouls, gothics, and Misfits fans are turning on to a New York-based quartet called THE BRAINEATERS, whose horror-rock punk has landed them a few hot gigs at CBGB. The band's debut 7" is already a collector's item, and an LP is promised early in the new year. Head ghoul/singer/guitarist Joe Truck explains: "You could call us horror-rock, but I approach it differently than Glenn Danzig, esp. what he's doing now in Samhain. We have a more fun approach and we don't take it as seriously." With the recent addition of ex-Samhain Pete "Damian" Marshall on guitar, the Braineaters' sound is tougher & spookier than ever. They rock hard and wear lots of black. Lots of fun, too.

I'm sure more than a few of the 200 sweaty souls packed into Maxwells' backroom to see Soul Asylum in December were wondering what a teenage heavy-metal trio named CUTTHROAT were doing on the bill. To their credit, these Hoboken High hometown heroes have really improved since they last appeared at last summer's River Fest. They've dropped their lead guitarist and whittled their sound down from whiney rehearsed heavy-metal to a rougher, more punk-rock growl. Sure, they've yet to master your basic tempo change, but they've got tons of energy, lots of natural stage presence, and they do the best AC/DC covers you hear in Maxwells. The bass player's older brother, it should be noted, is also the guy who books bands at Maxwells, which explains why they got to open for Soul Asylum at Maxwells instead of sharing a bill with the Tapes at the Dirt Club. But hey, nobody ever said rock 'n roll was supposed to be fair...



CUTTHROAT



SCHOOL OF VIOLENCE

SCHOOL OF VIOLENCE almost makes you believe the heavy metal/hardcore crossover isn't the worst idea in music since Cyndi Lauper. Stegman von Heintz controls the band's sound, blasting crunching power riffs and sizzling leads that fuse HC's speed with metal's headbanging frenzy. Mark Evans on drums and Rick Stone on bass play like one person; one very fast, very tight, very powerful person providing ample bottom to von Heintz's blazing guitar. This School avoids heavy metal's adolescent preoccupation with hedonistic fun with tough-minded songs that focus on real issues. Yet the band's still got tons of youthful energy flowing from lead singer Brian Childers, who'll probably get signed by the WWF if Combatcore doesn't get him first. If you like Cro Mags or Leeway, check out SoV. "Our music is fast, loud, and unpredictable," says von Heintz. They have a 5-song live demo that doesn't begin to do them justice; write to them c/o Elizabeth England, 224 Sullivan St. #A1, NYC 10012.

It's Leaving Time for

by Karen Schoemer

With a new album in the wings, a full-scale national tour in 1986, and major labels hovering just over the horizon, Winter Hours appears to be - for about the 23rd time in their 4-year career - on the verge of SOMETHING BIG. Fans have crowned lead singer Joseph Marques 'Jim Morrison reborn;' disbelievers dismiss the band as third-rate R.E.M.ists. Leaving Time, the band's first full-length LP after 3 EP's - should earn the band recognition in their own right. For these 5 New Jerseyans, it's just one more step forward.

Admittedly, Jim Morrison was a potent impetus in Marques' decision to be a singer. "When I was 5 years old, I remember having babysitters that listened to Doors records. And I remember as a kid hanging out with older people who were into the Doors and seeing videotapes of them and just being really enthralled by it." Turning 17 and waking up from a Doors-dominated adolescent haze allowed Marques sufficient time to branch out into different kinds of music while still holding on to some kind of rock & roll ideal.

Now, at 24 and as a diligent songwriter, Marques and guitarist Michael Carlucci, the band's other primary songsmith, continue to hone the band's sound and style. The new record boasts acoustic and blues numbers in addition to their familiar crystalline pop. And if the recent EP The Confessional is any indication, Marques is becoming more comfortable with dealing with the world in his lyrics as well.

"I've become more concerned with musical things, as opposed to just lyrics," says Marques, who dares these days to don an acoustic guitar onstage despite the top-notch dual-leadmanship of Carlucci and Bob Perry. "I used to put a lot of work into the lyrics - I still do - but I put equal shares of work into melody now." The lyrics show growth too; compare the outright symbolism and imagery of "Wait Til the Morning" with the subtler shades and moods of the gorgeous semi-epic "September Street" from the new LP.

Winter Hours (completed by Bob Messing on bass and John Albanese on drums) thus moves ever onward. What does Marques feel all these moods, weavings, intricacies, and literary movements have to do with rock and roll? "I don't know," he answers honestly. "I have sat down and thought about it. If it's entertaining at all, and if it evokes some kind of emotional response from people, then I guess it's effective."



Winter Hours

T H O M

dis dat an de udder ting



THOM

"Dis Dat & De Udder Thing," Cassette
Noiseland, 30 Richbell Rd., Groverville, NJ 08620

Thom (Meyernick) is/was 1/2 of Superfinemagneticparticle, a superb & refreshingly pure electronic duo from the Trenton area. Their contributions are included on both the Scornflakes' Bird O'Pray and Shadow Mouth compilations, both of which have been reviewed previously in JB. Thom himself is quite a young audial explorer & had a bizarre but influential radio show on WTSR. Recently, Thom left to continue studying in Atlanta, of all places (best of luck, bro!), but not before leaving us with his first (?) solo tape.

Side One is a subtle preparation for Side Two, a simple display of ideas. Although minimal, it's much more interesting than much of that new age nonsense that is all too popular at this time. Thom likes to utilize small phrases of vocals, guitar, or drum machine (even violin on one track) and magnify these phrases by repetition. There is so much less distraction, due to the brevity of each piece. On Side One only, I get the feeling that there is something about to happen; but it never does, until Side Two.

Although it might seem hard to believe, there is actually a rather calming type of noise here, not the usual threatening brew. Thom is becoming a master of the cooler noises. His pieces still develop slowly, but much more is happening, esp. on Side 2. Approaching mystery, but not overdone. A soundtrack for the mind.

The cut "Jem" is just that, a slow, ominous flow like the sound of breathing. A constant pulse throbs, glowing and distantly tranquil. All of a sudden, static erupts with odd noises, propelling the piece. It exits with a recurring buried funk groove.

Friends of Thom (and godfathers of the NJ noise scene) SMERSH join in for the incredibly cosmic finale! "Untucked Shirt" has a tribal intro, a ball & chain repetition which develops in strange ways. Electronic particles fuse together & hover. The climax features 2 noise solos going on simultaneously, a mesmerizing electronic twist, especially designed for the more adventurous listeners among us. Nothing short of amazing!! This dude Thom is definitely happening, so drop him a line & inspect his wares. You won't be sorry.

- Bruce Lee Gallanter



DAUGHTER JUDY

Remember the Waitresses? The Cosmopolitans? Jersey City's DAUGHTER JUDY makes the same kind of kitschy-coo new-wave dance-rock. The best thing about this froth for me is the way it conjures up visions of tall, leggy girls in mini-skirts doing the frug in sequined cages. If you're not nostalgic for Laugh In or a big fan of the B-52's, tho, this cutesy-pie girl-group stuff might just make you wanna frow up. DAUGHTER JUDY makes music so hopelessly out of vogue that it almost sounds original again. But not quite. Extra points for making a very professional sounding tape in their bedroom for \$30. DAUGHTER JUDY, 322 4th St/Box 3, Jersey City 07302.

DEEPSLEEP are the boardwalk version of Genesis, arty synth-rockers whose 2 song demo lives up to their name. Guitarist Scott Hooyman and bass/keyboardist Marc Abrams write the material, which might appeal to fans of second-generation art-rock hooley like Gentle Giant. Me, I'd like to see Phil Collins run for mayor of Retirement Village in Florida and sing duets with Red Buttons for the rest of his life. Deepsleep, 333 Spar Ave., Beachwood, NJ 08722

When was the last time you heard a power-pop protest song? TRUE RUMOR's "Iowa" isn't about the Buckeye State but about the nuclear-powered battleship that the government wants to berth on Staten Island. "Accidents can happen/and this is where I live," sing the Rumor, whose catchy, guitar-driven pop 'n roll politely asks the Navy to stuff their cruiser up somebody's else's port. Cool. The other 2 trax on this demo display similar wit, chops, and a breezy, melodic command of good ol' straightahead rock'n roll. Very promising, if a little more mainstream than most Jersey Beat fodder. True Rumor % Steve Meko, 65 Campbell Ave., Belford, NJ 07718.



DESTROY ALL BANDS is a name I've heard often whenever New Brunswickites start naming their burg's hot new bands. DAB's 7-song tape more than lives up to this blazing hardcore-teen combo's reputation. Just imagine early Black Flag punkcore, Rock Hotel thrash, and stinging blue-based '70's guitar leads fused together into one piledriver crunch. Swinger McRafter has got the snotty lead vocals down perfectly and you gotta check out Bella LaKarloff's palpitating bass - it sounds like another drum. James "Spider" Webb obviously has a big collection of vintage 70's classics in his record library, as he effortlessly segues from raging powerthrash to sizzling bluesy leads on guitar. And the songwriting's hot too: "No Time Left" is full of fun, tricky drum and guitar breaks, "Hormone With Limbs" does the old teenage sex lament number seem new again, and "Shotdown" is a stab a punk mosh that makes Murphys Law sound like the hack weenies they really are. Chris Williamson, call your service.

%Swinger McRafter, 15 Herbert Ave., Spotswood NJ 08884.

**FIVE
FLIGHTS
UP**

5 FLIGHTS UP play what I've come to think of as Dirt Club Rock: Simple, commercial rock n roll that'll let a band survive playing those NJ clubs where the patrons would much rather be watching a Rolling Stone cover band. This trio's got a few things going for them - tight, soulful playing that usually finds a nice groove and rides it for 3 solid minutes, strong vocals, and tasty guitar (I wish they'd ease off on the effects-boxes, though). "Rock 'n' roll you can dance to," says their flyer. Weddings and bar mitzvahs a specialty, methinks. % Scott Murphy, 180 Walnut St., #a35, Montclair, NJ 07042.



by Bruce Lee Gallanter

FUNKAPHOBIA

Blade In The Grass, Cassette
Bird O' Pray

Funkaphobia are the most mainstream, least strange, cassette to come out on Bird O' Pray. They are not afraid of funk, as their name might imply, although funk is not an essential part of their music. Dean Bruni and Jeffy (1/2 of Partners In Wonder) make all of the moody music, which is mostly guitars, bass, and drum machine. Both take turns singing lead, as do their cohorts Mike Stand and Thom (mentioned elsewhere in this ish). All four have distinctive voices, which often sound familiar. Mike Stand likes to stretch his voice, ala' Bono of U2. Most of the 10 tunes float along juggling verses of sad memories with choruses of questionable hopes. The overall feeling is one of melancholy haze, with many of their grooves being rather laid back. The distant ghost of "Dark Side Of The Moon" seems to hover also. Electronics are utilized selectively and subtly; just to enhance the haze. The lyrics tend to be more interesting than the music, often reminding me of some of my own concerns - they usually allude to a world of failed romantics, elaborating on their sense of loss and universal loneliness. There are a handful of unexpected surprises - nifty 60's-like psychedelic guitars on "Enter The Sleeping House," an eerie throbbing pulse of (backwards?) guitar on "Look-Out The Window." The remainder of the tape is much more predictable, less interesting. The cover art shows a dead squirrel skewered on someone's lawn. Three ominous silhouettes appear behind the drawn shades of a house in the background. The music within is often not nearly as ominous, but it does offer a number of special moments. Your choice.

funkaphobia BLADE IN THE LAWN...

YES INDEED JERSEY BEAT!

IN CAN YOU ROCK IT
LIKE THIS?



...AND MY REVIEW WENT LIKE,
"THE BANDS SHOULD ALL STOP
MAKING NOISE AND STAYING UP
SO LATE, INSTEAD GETTING UP
EARLY SO THEY CAN CLEAN THEIR
ROOMS AND STILL HAVE ENOUGH
TIME TO APPLY FOR A JOB AT THE
7-11 OR SOMETHING..."

THAT'S PATHETIC!
WHO WRITES
YOUR MATERIAL--
YOUR MOM??!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, SHE DOES...



MOD FUN WERE
SUCH NICE
LITTLE BOYS...
IF ONLY THEY
WROTE HOME
MORE
OFTEN!



WILLIE ALEXANDER
"Burning Candles"/"In Your Car"
ArfArf, Box 954, E. Dennis, MA 02641

Onetime Velvet, Boston punk-rock
avatar, Willie Alexander makes his
umpteenth comeback stab with a
45 you owe it to yourself to own.
"In Your Car" melds Pet Sounds
Brian Wilson with Rubber Soul
Beatlemania, coupled with a heart-
breakingly soulful sax solo that'll
make you melt. The A-side is a
bump'n grind punker that makes
you believe in this guy all over
again. This is what I expected
from Chilton in '86 (and got the
limp, cliché-ridden "No Sex" in-
stead). Keep it rockin', Willie.
- J.T.

SCRATCH ACID
Just keep eating, LP
Rabid Cat Records

This is that other Austin band
that rips its clothes off &
yowls like a sex-crazed coyote
under a full moon. While this
is neither as loony or fierce
as vintage Buttholes, these
dudes can still rip at yer guts
and bend your mind a little.
Most be too many nights
smokin' the tumbleweeds 'stead
of just lettin' 'em tumble by.

(Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765)

UNDERDOG
"Underdog EP," New Beginning

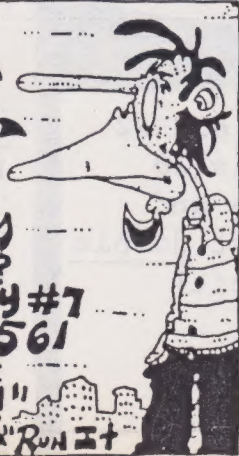
While I'm all for the idea
behind "positive punk," I do
wish Underdog and their pals
(Bold, Youth of Today, etc.)
made music that was a little
more distinctive. Still, if you
like hardcore that moshes &
wears its heart on the sleeve of
its Minor Threat t-shirt,
you'll like this.
(Box 4461, Davis, CA 95616)

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SKATEDEPRESSION

by Brian Catanzaro

The Showplace is a sham. Although there is a new rug, and the broken tables and chairs have been replaced & the floor repaired, the room still looks & sounds like a bat cavern. I maintain that it is the original. They should have a tile dance floor and they should put a wall somewhere behind the sound booth. Let people walk to the back bar, or just keep the one in the front room open. The management doesn't think of their establishment in terms of a contribution to local or regional pop culture. They run a Go-Go bar.

You see 5 guys setting up on a stage. They look like a bunch of college kids. The lead singer is wearing a loud shirt, a tie, and glasses. He even has the audacity to sport a full beard. He can't be more than 23. All of these guys have hair that's too long, except him. But this is what a lot of groups looked like in 1969. Hair was getting extreme and so was rock and roll. The Test have accomplished a rare mood. It's somewhere between garage band and psychedelic.

That era of 'now' music occurred c. 1967, across America, that is. It's best characterized by R&B or "soul music" rhythms puzzled together with counterlines, baroque riffs, and accents. In other words, a driving beat, a driven singer, something musically interesting but not too familiar.

The most fun about The Test is how they pull sounds out of the blue from the 60's. Sometimes it's the Seeds or Big Brother & The Holding Company, Earth Opera, or even The Association at one point, with a harpsichord and guitar doubling.

Some of the music they attempt is difficult to execute in a live-dive environment, and some of the songs suffer by being too long in parts; but when they're on, they really rock. Their best songs are "Paint It Red," "Safe Suburban," and "Test Your Memory," which pays homage to the television generation and features a litany of TV cliché's from down thru the ages.

As The Test warmed up, the momentum built; the audience of about 40 (some who came for the first act) stayed and applauded. With that, the songs got better and the band put out more energy, playing and dancing as if in a trance. The band hails from Wayne, and plan to be playing as many gigs in the area as possible, so you'll probably see them on a bill somewhere eventually. That good, solid stage experience will make the Test fun to take.

THIS 'TEST' IS EASY TO TAKE



JERSEY BEAT

Are *There* 50¢



N.J.'s best?
(See P.7)

JERSEY BEAT

New Jersey's New-Music News

Vol. 1 No. 2

April - May 82

POP! Go The

50¢



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Issue 3

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Tequila!
and
Why We
Love
Being
In A
Band

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by Tami Morgan

Dave Scott is the drummer for Adrenalin O.D., former lead singer for Pleased Youth, a popular gadabout on the local Hardcore scene, and one heck of a nice fella. Here he's cornered by Tami Morgan of Rebel Beat.

ADRENALIN O.D.

LOCAL BAND

Q: Start with some background on AOD.

Dave: The band formed in September, '81, and since then we've only had one lineup change. The original guitarist was on our first EP. His name was Jim Foster. We ditched him. We got mega-sex god Bruce Wingate and since then we have recorded an album, EP, a live single, and about 15 to 20 worldwide compilation tracks. We have about 5 records coming out in the next month. We have an album, a 12-inch EP, a single, a cassette version of the album with different songs, and a repeat version of the album. [The LP, Humongous Fungus Amongous, and 45, "AOD Meets Godzilla," have since been released.] We have our own label, Buy Our Records, which is pretty much the biggest NJ Hardcore label going. We started it off and now we have other people taking over. We finally incorporated ourselves, we have a lot of records out, about 15 or so, and we have an actual office now.

Q: So you guys aren't going to try for a major label in the future?

Dave: We've gotten offers by all the metal labels who wanted to pick up a punk band and jump on the bandwagon. It seems like the major crossover bands to us are DRI and COC. We got offers from Combat, Megaforce, Metal Blade, and we turned them down. We just wanted to stick with our label. There's nothing our label couldn't do that they could. The heck with them. We're not a metal band. It seems like a lot of people are just trying to jump on that bandwagon because there's cash in it. You know, you get, like, the HC bands starting to play metal and metal bands starting to play HC. Granted, I think it's cool that the two are merging, but everything I hated about heavy metal is getting lumped into hardcore, and everything I hated about hardcore is getting lumped into heavy metal. You'll see metal people wearing skinhead gear, Doc Marten boots, and red suspenders, and you'll see skinhead bands playing third-rate heavy-metal music, which is kind of bogus.

Q: What is it you hate about heavy metal and hardcore?

Dave: Actually just the names themselves. It's classifications. It's just an image to live up to. I don't look like your average punk rocker; if I didn't have this vest on, you wouldn't know I was into punk rock, would you?

DAVE SCOTT



OF THE YEAR

Q: What are some of your biggest influences?

Dave: As a band, I'd say The Monkees. I dunno, we all listen to so much... y'know, we've been into it since the beginning of punk rock. Early punk rock bands like the Damned, Dead Boys, Misfits... y'know, there was a lot of influence there. But, uh, I don't think we really sound like too many people.

Q: What kind of musical training have you had?

Dave: Hmm, let's see... I took drum lessons for about 2 weeks. Didn't know which was my left hand which was my right. I got fired. I think I was the only person to get fired from drum lessons. I took cymbals in my high school marching band and in the middle of the parade, I left them because they were too heavy. That's about it for musical background. I'm pretty much self-taught. I used to play in my basement with a beat-up old snare drum held in a vice with a drum stick as my cymbal stand. It was pretty cheap...

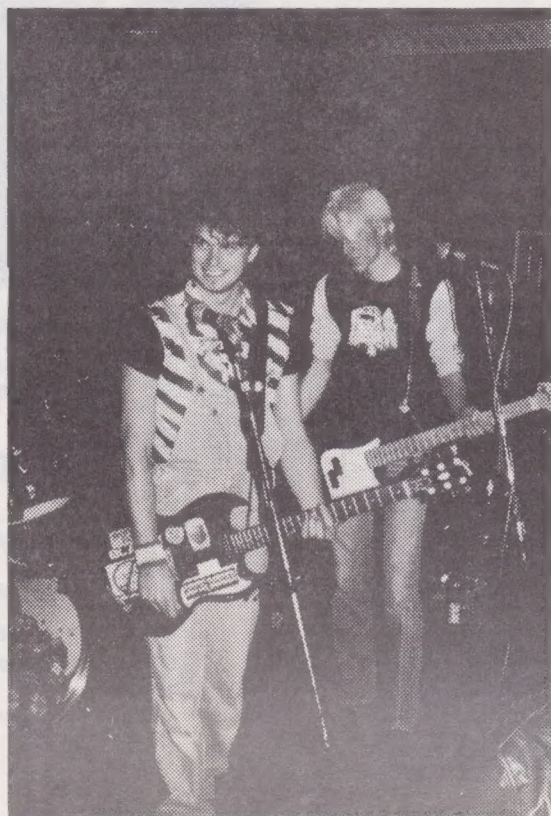
Q: Describe a typical AOD stage show.

Dave: Well, we all wear spandex, and we have this big dragon come out and blow smoke! (laughs) No, we're known for being comedians. We used to raid Salvation Army drop boxes before shows to see what we could come up with. We'd wear the worst, like, the most nauseatingly colorful clothes we could find. We played Danceteria not too long ago in New York in nun outfits. And when I did my drum solo, the band had a costume change and came out wearing pink nightgowns. We just like to have a good time and let people laugh at our expense.

Q: What advice would you give new bands just starting out?

Dave: Be yourself. Just be yourself. Do it for fun. If you're gonna do it for money, then join a wedding band. Play bar mitzvahs.

ADRENALIN O.D.



8. Peter Stampfel & The Bottlecaps

Bleeker Street's gift to the world of bent-edged folk-rock finally got their record out in 1986. Stampfel's best bunch of songs since Have Moicy! and maybe his best backup band ever make deliciously goofy sense, singing the praises of psycho killers, surfing, and beer.

9. Oysters - "Mine Caroline"

The rockin'est single out of Boston marks these garage-rockers as the heirs apparent to the Replacements.

10. Game Theory - The Big Shot Chronicles

He writes like Alex Chilton, sings like Chris Stamey, and makes you forget all those comparisons by simply being the best around at this kind of pop. His name is Scott Miller, his band is Game Theory. More people should know that.

11. Feelies - The Good Earth

If this doesn't have quite the same kinetic kick as Crazy Rhythms, so be it. This is still the Comeback of the Year, a rich, deeply textured collection of exquisitely-wrought songs that reward you with new discoveries on every listen.

12. The Many Moods of the Ben Vaughn Combo

Although glossy production has taken the edge off these wickedly tongue-in-cheek folk/punk classics, this is still a body of songs I've come to cherish. Like most funny men, Vaughn and his combo are better in person, but that's no reason to overlook this LP, soon to be re-released domestically

13. Spiral Jetty - Tour of Homes

Putting their Feelies/Talking Heads cloneishness behind them, Spiral Jetty made me a believer with this smart, tuneful, polychromatic spree.

- by JIM TESTA

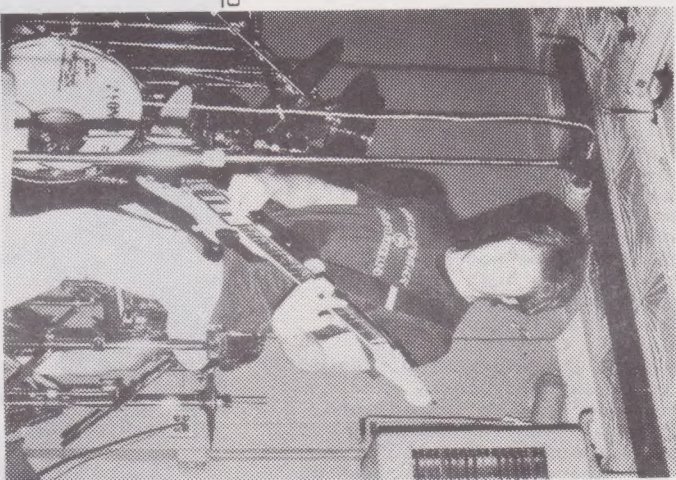
7 SECONDS

Best local album

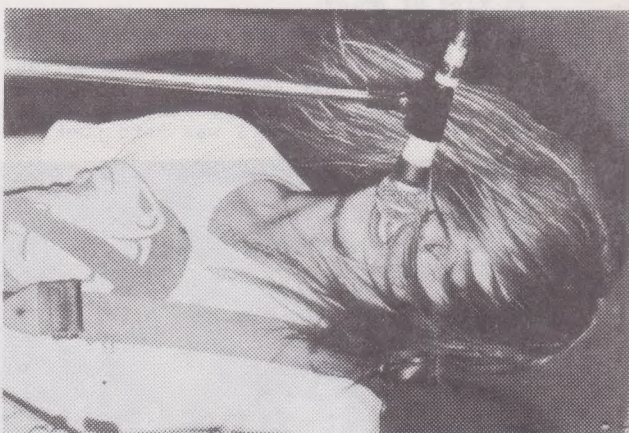
Stetz - Songs of Experience
A.O.D. - Humongous Fungus
Sand In The Face, LP

Best album

Mojo Nixon - Frenzy
Gone - Let's Get Real
Dead Kennedys - Bedtime



SOUL ASYLUM



Dave Run It

Best album

Blast!, Power of Expression
Moving Targets, Burning in Water
Government Issue, 5th

Best EP

Youth of Today - Can't Close My Eyes
Death of Samantha - Laughing in the face...
Underdog - Never Too Late

Best local album

Beastie Boys - License to Ill
Cro-Mags - Age of Quarrel
Run-DMC - Raising Hell

Best Band Not Named Sonic Youth
Underdog



MOVING TARGETS

Harry Baugs - Earwax

Best album

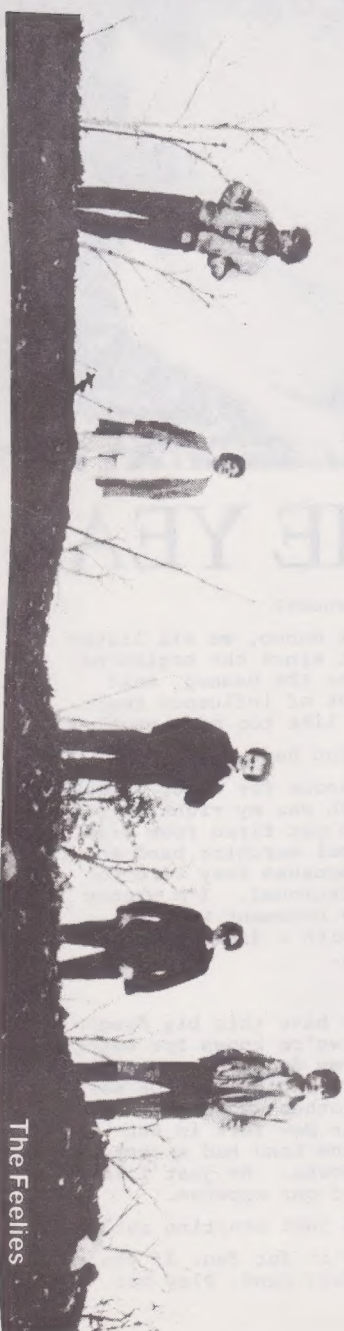
Die Kreuzen - October Days
Husker Du - Candy Apple Grey
Leaving Trains - Kill Tunes

Best local album

Pleased Youth - Dangerous Choo Choo
Stetz - Songs of Experience

Band of the Year
Adrenalin O.D.

SQUIRRELBAIT



The Feelies

BAKER'S DOZEN

13 Records That Did Not Suck in 1986

1. Moving Targets - Burning In Water
Thrashing melodic punk in the Huskers/Burma tradition.
2. Pleased Youth - Dangerous Choo Choo
Buy Dur's pride & enjoy explode from the underground with one of the brightest, liveliest, most original punk rock LP's of the year.
3. Smithereens - Especially For You
After 7 years in near obscurity, this album finally catapults NJ's Smithereens into national popularity - so popular, in fact, they were nominated as "Best New Band" by CMJ. Lush 60's pop with a canny edge. Tommy Keene, eat your heart out.
4. Mod Fun - "Hangin' Round" EP
Dorothy's Dream
1986 saw two great releases from Mod Fun, followed by their demise. The EP has some catchy rockers and Mick London's first successful ballad in the elegiac "Action Tyme." The Dream LP found the band venturing into new, more sophisticated songwriting ideas. Look for Paintbox, the 1987 model of this combo, soon.
5. Yo La Tengo - Ride The Tiger
Hoboken pop lives - with a country twang and simple grace.
6. Alter Boys - "Piles" EP
One of NYC's great unknown club bands found themselves grinning from the pages of Spin when this garage-grunge classic found its audience. Look for them on Big Time Records in '87.
7. Das Damen
The band with the longest hair in NYC rocks out on one of the year's most gleefully chaotic debut EP's. Kick out the jams!

ADRENALIN O.D.

JERSEY BEAT'S FIRST ANNUAL

Jim DeKeyseris

Best album
Positively Dumpttruck
Big Black - Atomizer
Husker Du - Candy Apple Grey

Band of the Year
Ultru - w/o whom Big Black, Ur3, Husker Du, Feelies, Sonic Youth, Swans, etc. might not have been possible.

Local

Band of the Year
Feelies

Best album
Feelies - The Good Earth
The Silos - About Her Steps
Wayfarers - World's Fare

Best single
Mod Fun - "Mary Goes Round"
Sonic Youth - "Halloween"
Swans - "Time Is Money"

Frank Tavano - I.O.U.

Best album
Rites of Spring
A.O.D. - Humungus Fungus
Proletariat - Indifference

Best single
Proletariat - "Marktplaace"
Ramones - "Bonzo..."
Squirrel Bait - "Kid Dynamite"

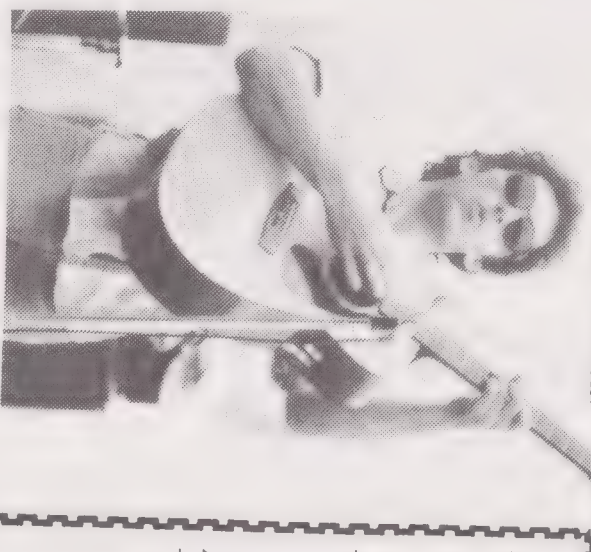
Band of the Year
Adrenalin O.D.

Jon Levine - Faith

Best album
7 Seconds - New Wind
Dag Nasty - Can I Say
Stupids - Peruvian Vacation

Band of the Year
7 Seconds

BEN VAUGHN



Paul Decolator

Best album
Moving Targets - Burning In Water
Soul Asylum - Made to Be Broken
Various - A Real Cool Time

Best New Bands
Catharsis - Murk, moody, & the grist sings like Neil Young. And they're not from Hoboken.

Dolphin Room - NJ's answer to X. Neat stuff, somewhat original approach, great live.

X-Men - These guys rip it up. Pop/punk. Lotsa energy live.

Sub-Culture - 3 teen cuties who make Squirrel Bait look & sound like Swans. Power-pop punk. Tight, mind-expanding, and not from Hoboken.

LOCAL BAND OF THE YEAR

Smithereens
Feelies

NATIONAL BAND OF THE YEAR

7 SECONDS
Soul Asylum
Sonic Youth

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

Moving Targets
Burning In Water

Feelies
The Good Earth

7 Seconds
New Wind

Husker Du
Candy Apple Grey

LOCAL RECORD OF THE YEAR

Feelies - The Good Earth
Tiny Lights - Prayer For
Halcyon Fear
Adrenalin O.D. - Humungus Fungus
Das Damen

Mike Aiello

Best album
Metallica - Master of Puppets
Cro-Mags - Age of Querrel
Uniform Choice - Screaming for Change

Best local EP

Crippled Youth (Bold) - Join The Fight
Youth of Today - Cant Close My Eyes
Underdog

Band of the Year
Cro-Mags

RUNK & POCK POLL

COMING ATTRACTIONS



I have seen the future of rock 'n roll and it's name is Harold...but that strays from the topic at hand: paintbox.

Yes, paintbox, a pick-to-click for 1987 if ever there was one. Guitarist/singer Mick London, bassist Bobby Strete, drummer Chris Collins, and keyboardist Ann Marie Pane create a truly wonderful noise that recalls some of yer basic Hoboken icons (Chilton, Hitchcock, Bongos, dBs, et. al.) while transcending the college radio pop doldrums with that certain undefinable something else that sets the great ones apart.

Three-quarters of this group were once Mod Fun, the rockin' Maywood-based popedelic group beloved by Jersey Beat staffers and several dozen others. In some ways, paintbox is an extension of what MF was doing on their last Cryptovision LP, Dorothy's Dream, but it's a lot more, too: London's songwriting skills have matured, the band's playing has gotten tighter without the loss of the legendary Mod Fun live intensity, and the sound has been fleshed out by the welcome addition of Ms. Pane on keyboards and backing vocals.

The group should have a track out on a Susstone compilation LP by March and they're hoping to release their own EP soon after. Their live debut is imminent, so stay tuned, check 'em out. Paintbox rules; you heard it here first.

- L.Cravat

BODIES IN PANIC have matured into one of this area's toughest, hardest rockin' punk bands, total masters of their sound. They can inject elements of metal or fusion without even losing their iron grasp of that trademark BIP crunch. Their new tape features four totally roaring powermetal rockers, with Kyle Eaves' growly vocals dominating the Motorheadish steamroller guitars & rhythms. BIP, like A.O.D., have also become mentors on the Garden State HC scene, encouraging and supporting many young bands. The last song on this new tape is called "New Hope;" my reaction entirely.

Bodies In Panic

Just when you thought it was safe to hate the 70's again, along comes Raging Slab, with hair longer than Das Damen's and more copped licks from the likes of Lynyrd Skynyrd & Bad Company than one of Lester Bangs' old nightmares. Problem is, the Slabs is way cool - ten years ago, I would have hated their stuff, but today it sounds pretty okay. Loud, fast, & scientific, almost like the Dictators playing it straight. Lead mouth/guitar Jag Slab (real name withheld; something 'bout Mafia loansharks...) do know how to kick out the jams. Bassist/main squeeze Elyse is an eyeful and an earful, the kid on 2nd guitar is a good 10 years younger than the rest of this crew (looks like Rob Lowe with shoulder-length locks) and the drummer's straight out of David Lee Roth's new combo, methinks. Sorry, no names; Wuelfing knows 'em all but he skipped to England for a week without writing this piece like he was supposed to. All pertinent stats will no doubt be available on Assmaster, the Slab's debut LP, due very soon on Buy Our Records.

Raging Slab



Speed The Plough

The only thing wrong with the renaissance of the Feelies is that their new-found success has left little time for the Trypes, their post-psychedelic offshoot that combined Mercer & Million's trademark crazy rhythms with a Magical Mystery Tour de force blend of raga melodies and mind-expanding mysticism. Fear not, for the non-Feelie members of the Trypes - John Baumgartner (keyboards), Marc Francia (guitars, vocals), and Toni Paruta (woodwinds and lead vocals) - have formed the nucleus of a new band that includes WFMU's Frank O'Toole (guitar), ex-Great Wall bassist Pete Pedulla, and Glenn Morrow's favorite rock critic, Jim DeRogatis, on drums. They are called Speed The Plough, and they are going to be the hottest thing in 8/5 time since "Blue Jay Way." On their first 4-track demos, "Ella's Way" is a virtual re-enactment of the Trypes' psychedelic mood, with Paruta's beautiful vocals beginning as a breathy whisper in a purple haze of intertwining guitars and keyboards. The song builds to a crescendo - or blossoms like a flower, depending on how poetic this sort of pretty, percussive pop inclines you to wax. "Climb The Ocean," with a strong bottom of acoustic guitars, borrows from King Crimson, Genesis, with an acoustic riff you've heard before but can't quite place. Break out the headphones, kids. Light up those bongos. Trippy rock is coming back.

- J.T.

METALLICA/METAL CHURCH
Capitol Theater, Passaic, NJ
November 29

Metallica

This is a rare live Jersey Beat review only for one reason. I agree with Jim Testa's philosophy that "any good band can have a bad night and any bad one can have a good night," which is why most live reviews don't mean very much. But tonight was not just any good band playing for just any crowd on just any tour. As most of you know, Metallica recently received a setback that would have ended many other bands' careers, the death of bassist Cliff Burton. At this point, any and all remaining members of the band are crucial because they all contribute. I feel Metallica are a credit to the metal industry just for continuing after such a loss.

The night began with Metal Church, playing an excellent set of straightforward heavy metal, keeping the whole crowd happy but anticipating what would follow. The crowd - which consisted of a major part of the NJ/NY underground and commercial metal scene - cheered and chanted for Metallica many times during the intermission.

Finally, the lights went out and the black sheets were removed from the stage, revealing the drums and several huge crosses before a backdrop of the album cover. As the PA ceased and the crowd went into a crazy frenzy, the lights went on and Metallica ripped into "Battery." And a packed Capitol crowd drowned out James Hetfield's voice as they sang along with him throughout the show. Metallica then played a set of 9 songs and were brought back for 3 encores, then another encore for 2 more, followed by guitarist Kirk Hammett taking pictures of the not-yet-content crowd who called them out for a 15th song.

Another bright spot of the show was when singer Hetfield introduced new bassist Jason Newstead (formerly of Flotsam & Jetsam), and the crowd went totally nuts welcoming him with open arms. The only way to close this would be to quote James Hetfield as he directed a line from the song "Whiplash" to his audience: "We'll never stop, we'll never quit, 'cause you're Metallica!"

If they don't deserve all the success they get, then no one does.

- Mike Aiello



METAL UNDERGROUND

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

JERSEY BEAT COMPILATION, VOLUME 3

Featuring

ALL NEW! ALL UNRELEASED SONGS FROM...

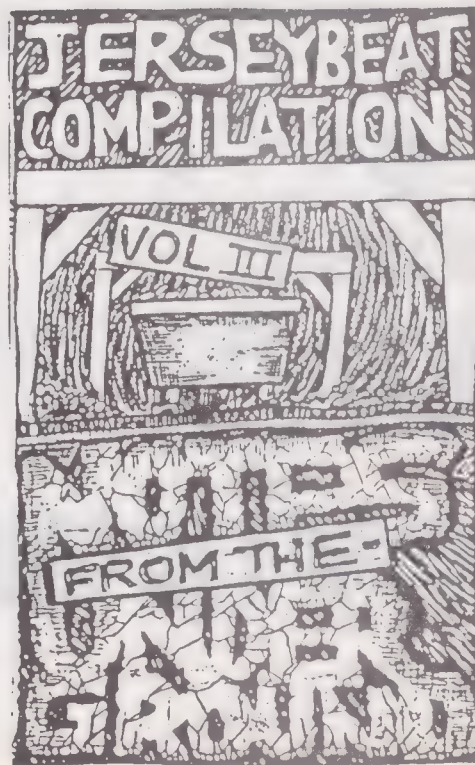
COWBOY & SPINGIRL
(Formerly The Riff Doctors)
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WEEN
THE EXPOSED
MECHANICAL BRIDE
THE LOVE PUSHERS

...AND LIVE TRACKS FROM...

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For some reason I feel I should be manufacturing a rash of fantastical lies or perhaps a lecturing tract on the joys & healing effects of domestic living, anything but accurately depict the discs given unto my charge. For in fact, they're a sorry bunch, none able to inspire or provoke or elicit any strong emotional response, which is what rock'n'roll's about. Well, maybe I'm a little premature in this -- I haven't really listened to everything in the stack & other lodes of dross have yielded gems like Big Stick, Pressure Boys, etc. Something tells me I'm still gonna be whitening the grooves of the new Beasties LP & The Burns Sisters' "I Wonder Who's Out Tonight?" (anyone have a copy of the video I can dub?). And incidentally, By, stuff yr Jap indie 7"s, ok?

BACK SEAT ROMEO sound like they woulda released a live 5-LP box 'stead of a 45 if they coulda. "I Ain't No Loser" (JMM) wouldn't've even cut it on The Sound of Asbury Park sampler, tho. Shabby as freeze-dried corn shuckings.

"Writing On The Wall" (Melted, 190 Suydam St., New Brunswick, NJ 08901) is ambitiouser. Soft but spartan folked-up rock from one of the Hub City's longer-lived units, FROZEN CONCENTRATE. Good college radio fodder.

I like THE WHOOPING CRANES' frenzied power-drone better, tho. "Hope" (Zip; 226 E. 10th St. #5, NYC 10003) recalls the dessicated modal thrash 100 Flowers distilled outta the Wire canon, but an even more dehydrated guitar sound & doofier voxing. Neatest thing outta NYC in too long.

Thin as fuggin' Bonie Maronie. And kinda like early shlock-minimalist Bongos. So -- 2 chords, one major, one minor, played on a tinny, tiny rhythm geetar. Why anyone would be interested in MOX and their "Looking Forward" (no label, no address) is beyond me.

Ah, something from the consistently delightful Jargon label - diehard fannin' the classic pop flame. An' THE PROJECTILES are a worthy enough cause -- huff'n & puff'n garage punk ala Vipers, Fleshtones, etc. "Some Things Never Change" (Jargon; Box 90594, Rochester NY 14609) is aesthetically all too true in their case, which could be construed as cool or square depending on yr tribe.

DISCORDS

by HOWARD

WUELFING



No telling how much better a body can get, esp. when their starting point has not much to do with reigning orthodoxies, and their subsequent development guidelines. MITCH COOPER's "Time Is To Keep Everything From Happening At Once" (Prismic, 5616 Mallard Dr. S., Charlotte, NC 28212) is airy psychedelia delivered on balsa guitar & cigar box percussion -- pretty fuckin' inexplicable. That anyone would invest in such a release. Then it struck me that, in essence, it's exactly what R.E.M. have dominated the college airwaves with for years now, but not as polished or well-produced. Someone give this guy Mitch Easter's phone number...

Wholly conventional tinkertoy hardcore. I thought Minor Threat had brainstormed a way out of the corner. REST IN PIECES are so intent on painting 'emselves into. No novelty, no danger, no kicks -- the Ig said it best almost TWO DECADES ago -- No fun! If you're a shithead, tho, send your Dad's dough to: Incas, 272 Benham Ave., Bridgeport, CT 06604.

UNCLE GREEN have made a thoroughly neat double-A side. "Holes" is a stury l'il rocker with ringing guitars & some clever sorta Costelloesque doodads sprinkled throughout. "Heaven" (Twilight; Box 95262, Atlanta, GA 30347) is my pick hit tho, with its cool-n-creepy crisscross gtr hook and pointedly awkward, ambiguously devotional lyrics. A keeper, f'r sure.

NOW MAGAZINE

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Issue number two coming soon.
Has interviews with Big Black,
info on the scene, art, fiction
and everythang.

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COLD-IRON



GOVERNMENT ISSUE, Government Issue, LP Fountain of Youth

You've got to admire a band when they try somethin' different...and make it work! As in the case of G.I. and their nu form of melodic distortion. Mark A's cymbals sound like mom's fine china shattering. Lyle's metal fuzz keeps them from selling out. Stabb's hair makes him look 50 but don't worry, kids, he'll still pull your hair just as hard while shouting his simple observations/messages/prayers. And if the rumor hasn't hit you yet...yes, some songs are slow and have keyboards...but they done pop in some traditional speed core as well. Groovy stuff!!

ONE BIG CROWD (Compilation)

Big City Records

2329 Vance St., Bronx, NY 10469

Big & shitty, they should call it. U no, another 1 of those 20-band, 25-song punk thrash frisbees. Approximately 3 ok songs on both sides but one might just be an intro... The best band on here is 76% Uncertain and their cut is previously released, as is the case of most of the bands. A.O.D. and Bedlam are on here so that means buy if you're from NJ. Inlightn yerself to Fang or Buttholes instead.

NEGAZIONE

Lo Spirito Continua, LP

Mordam Records

PO Box 988, San Francisco, CA 94101

When you're talking speed, guitarlicks, and power... you're talking Italian hardcore...because no one screams as loud as Italian bands. That's right, asshole, I said No One (as in No. 1!). Negazione is just one of the many intense Italian bands: Incredibly spicy speedcore/metalcore/corn/gore/core. Buy or die. Oh yeah, they're comin' for a visit to the USA soon, too. See 'em.

Heavy Metal

by

MIKE AIELLO

HATRED (Demo Cassette)

This is probably the final demo from this West Orange quartet: after this, they should be working on albums. Hatred are probably one of the biggest local non-album bands in NJ. This demo is their first since the addition of singer Bone and bassist Dave Schlosser. Dave is formerly of Corpse, Bone used to be in Masochist. The songs on this tape are all a progression from their older stuff. The lyrics no longer try to sound sick or nauseating, which is a plus because they're now less limiting. Three songs here - "Falling From The Sky," "Look What You've Done," and "Autistic" - are original & excellent. "Look" is my personal favorite. They've since added a 2nd guitarist since recording this tape.

BITTER RAGE (Demo Cassette)

Bitter Rage are what you'd call a progressive thrash/metal band. They show definite talent and professionalism. They remind me of Witcn Finder General and a little of Kiss. Check 'em out at: BTR Productions Cragmoor, NY 12420

LUDICHRIST "Immaculate Deception" (Combat)

Another band from the NY Hardcore scene gets signed to CombatCore and just as before (Agnostic Front and Crumbsuckers), a great album. If you like Ludichrist, this is a definite; if not, it's still a good idea.

NUCLEAR ASSAULT "Gameover" (Combat)

The long-awaited album is finally here & it kicks some major ass. The production is better than their EP and the songs are too! Another great NY/NJ band making a name for themselves. Personal tip: Buy the tape. It includes an extra song, "Lesbians."



TERSEY
BEAT

SORRY

The Way It Is, LP

Homestead

There's nothing really wrong with Sorry, and I'm certainly not, um, sorry they decide to re-form. Like a lot of Boston bands that grew up in the post-punk era, these guys make a noisy, Burma-influenced brand of punk-rock in which unexpected bits of rhythm and melody emerge from an angry, swirling din of guitar drone. You only start to realize how thin the writing really is here when you stop to ponder the fact that the most memorable song on this 16-song LP is the 10-year old Wire cover.

- J.T.

RHYTHM PIGS

Rhythm Pigs, LP

Mordam Records

Box 988, San Francisco, CA 94101

Dave ADD says this is his favorite band, and no wonder. I listen to the freaky tempo changes, the galumphing hardcore-ish percussion, the impassioned (if weird) vocals, and the oddly thumping noises coming out of Ed Ivey's bass, plus an eclecticism so gleefully aberrant that you wonder what drugs they took to write this stuff, and I think: This is probably what that Antietam record was supposed to sound like...

i.e., fuckin' amazing. Recommended.

- J.T.

Silent Minority Az. Hardcore Fanzine

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LAST OPTION - THE END - VIRULENCE
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MAGNOLIAS
Concrete Pillbox, LP
 Twin/Tone

As far as young Minneapolis bands groomed by Twin/Tone to be "the next Replacements" go, these guys aren't bad. They aren't very original, either. But they're not bad.

- J.T.

DEATH OF SAMANTHA
Laughing in the face of a Dead Man
 5-song EP, Homestead

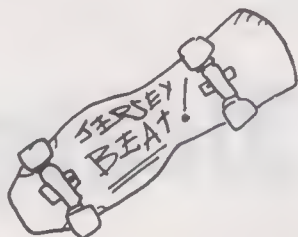
Hmm, their 2nd long-player and already this Cleveland quartet is repeating itself. "Blood & Shaving Cream" rehashes formula DoS from strungout on jargon, while their cover of "Werewolves Of London" replay all their trademark ticks and affectations without adding anything to the song. Two better songs and a noise collage comprise Side B.

- J.T.

CLAUDE PATE
Situation, 4-song EP
 Pravda, Box 268043, Chicago 60626.

Pravda's a small Chicago label that's just full of surprises, like these unlikely guitar heroes from Ames, Iowa. Four straightahead rockers that had me thinking it was 1978 again, when great, catchy little records like this weren't such an unexpected treat.

- J.T.



LIVE SKULL, Cloud One, LP
 Homestead

The installation of born-again Anglo art-gothicism as the standard Sound of Disaffected Young America down on the Lower East Side is a local trend that's causing me considerable dismay of late. I still remember all too clearly a generation of innovative young hardCore aestheticians dashing their brains out kickin' 'gainst the prick-wise hegemony of arty hucksters like the Urban Verbs, Tiny Desk Unit, Rhoda & The Bad Seeds, Cancer Girls, Ego-slavia, etc. back in the District of Columbia in once upon a time. 'Twas no pop, no style back then, and now again.

Live Skull have cobbled together a comely enough amalgam of post-punk mock-profound obtuseness. Southern Death Cult could well have died expressly for their sins. Cloud One is a reiteration of easy solutions to a variety of difficult artistic conundrums. That Live Skull are aware of them is to their credit. That they're addressed by simply drawing directly from the last wave of inquirers is a turn-off, 'spesh since most of the latter came up with so little that was revelatory or rivetting.

You may as well patronize Live Skull as Wolfgang Press, but I'd just as soon seek different answers altogether.

- Howard Wuelfing

POISON
Look What the Cat Dragged In, LP
 Island

I never liked glam rock bands and I don't like Poison, but that didn't stop me from giving this LP a good listen. So...Poison is something that fans of Motley Crue and Kiss might like. It's apparent that this is exactly the kind of crowd that Poison is looking to please. The songs are very simple musically and sound like they could be singalongs in places like Madison Square Garden. Thrashers will call these guys 'Posers' and everyone else will straightly call them effeminate. Mostly, Poison is boring rock and roll with an!! overproduced vocal that will bore you to tears.

- John Lisa

SQUIRREL BAIT

skag heaven



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ADRENALIN O.D.

Humongous Fungus Amongus, LP

Buy Our Records

Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088

Adrenalin O.D. is back with the thrash/punk/metal/core album of the year. As always, it's funny, loud, fast, and tight; and finally, the production isn't the muddy, murky, sloppy mess that the Buy Our bands had been getting at The Sanctuary. Whether they're shredding their way thru the Sergio Valente theme song or pummeling punk back into vogue with hip catchy headbangers like "Pope On A Rope," A.O.D.'s one/two punch has never been more devastating: Paul and Bruce trade off sledgehammer riffs and laserjet leads as Dave and Jack (drums & bass) provide rhythm, bottom, and balls a'plenty. These yobs are hard enough for metalheads, fast enuf to satisfy the most rabid mosh maniacs, and write the best punk-rock coming out of the Greater NJ area right now. Yeah yeah yeah.

- J.T.

PORNO SPONGES

"Going Places, Eating Things"/"Hangin' Round"
Mutha Records, Box 416, W. Long Branch, NJ

These guys gotta have a chronic case of the beer 'n White Castle farts; living on Newcastle ale and fast food burgers will take its toll after repeated misuse. In this case...oh, well, we have here the LOUDEST record I've heard in a while, mastered with a 10-penny nail. Side One, "Goin' Places...", is apparently about a cow they know. Side Two is "Hangin' Round," but not with Mod Fun. The sound owes more to "Communication Breakdown" than anything: fast, leads, high vocals, and LOUD. (Turn it up to 11 and crank it, mates). Even my roommate likes this and he hates EVERYTHING.

- Andy Peters

WOOFING COOKIES

Horse Gum Tortilla Shoes, LP
Midnight Int'l

Woofing Cookies. Horse gum tortilla shoes. A band whose van broke down in Athens, GA, where they ended up living for 3 months, across the street from Peter Buck, who produced their 1st single. A band who just shot their first video for \$14. Line drawings of horses in sombreros with gum stuck to their hooves. Songs like "Soundcheck," made up of spliced instrumental excerpts and the occasionally screamed title. A song about "assholes like us," prompting us listeners to wonder, would we want to be a Woofing Cookie parent/promoter/audience member? Songs reminiscent of your favorite Hallmark greeting card or Broadway score. It's garage. It's rock 'n roll you can cuddle up to. It's more f-u-n than would fit in Scruffy The Cat's litterbox. It's Woofing Cookies, the band whose name inspires hours of by-yourself enjoyment (are those cookies going down? or coming back up? or barking?). And the darndest thing is, I thought fun was all these guys were about until bright sporty ditties like "Girl Next Door," "Lying," "Plain Truth," and "State of Adventure" started sticking in my brain...for hours & hours... Hmm..must be more going on here than meets the eye.

- Karen Schoemer

WINTER HOURS

"The Confessional" 12", 3-song EP
Link, 277 Church St., NYC 10013.

In the interim between the last Winter Hours EP and their forthcoming Leaving Time LP, Link Records offers this 3-track EP. The title track opens Side A with a spicey uptempo rocker, laced with lyricist/singer Joseph Marque's customary dish of literary and neo-gothic imagery. Yet unlike much of the material on "Wait Till The Morning," here symbols and allusions are less likely to overpower the gist of the song. Cleopatra may sit down at the singer's side but Mike Carlucci's and Bob Perry's rollicking 2-guitar thrust make this a song you don't have to think about to enjoy. Plus there's a delicious mandolin solo. "Ten Minutes" continues this more-direct approach with a touch more wistfulness and melancholy. "September Street (Mushroom Mix)" comes as a surprise to those accustomed to the band's arch guitar pop; it's a 6-minute-plus descent into visual and spiritual chaos, complete with tempo and dynamics changes and an unsettling, powerful vocal from Marques; his range and emotional intensity simply cannot be denied. Winter Hours has come a long way from the pretty but one-dimensional Churches.

- Karen Schoemer



N.Y. Beat - Hit & Run

Compilation LP

Moon, 295 E. 8 St., #6, NYC 10009

Calling this compilation 'N.Y. Beat' is a bit misleading, since it collects 13 NY-area bands that specialize in th ska/TwoTone sound. This stuff had short vogue a while back but a bunch of mod kids and reggae fans have kept it alive. Some of the bands on this disc (CityBeat, Toasters, The Scene) even rented out Irving Plaza a few times for all-ska shows, which tended to resemble very hip high-school proms. As for the music here, it ranges from cloddish Wonder Bread ripoffs of the genre to some pretty catchy stuff, but you've really got to be addicted to the ska beat before you'd even want to bother checking this out.

- J.T.

MURPHY'S LAW

Murphy's Law, LP
Rock Hotel/Profile

I have to admit a limited fondness for Murphy's Law simple, straightforward mosh. They don't try to do anything more than their audience expects, which may be why they've gone from a joke party-band to one of the most popular NYC live attractions in just a few years. At least these guys go a long way toward disproving the stereotype that skinheads don't have a sense of humor. "A Day In The Life" is the funniest explication of the punk lifestyle since Black Flag's "TV Party," and "Ilsa" immortalizes the gore-movie goddess with panache and a killer riff. If I had the kind of parties where the guests were liable to break all my furniture, this is the record I'd play for them.

- J.T.



RECORD & TAPE REVIEWS!

MIDNIGHT XMAS MESS, VOLUME 2

Compilation LP
Midnight Records

In spite of its holiday theme, this album will be available year-round. It's thirteen rock-'n roll tunes, by some of the top indie-label artists, are not on any other record.

Midnight's Christmas Mess, Vol. II, is a mixed bag of Xmas goodies, with something for everyone, from guitar grunge to garage to groovy pop. "Wreck These Halls" is an interesting if REM-ish contribution from "Howard & Jag's Xmas Vacation" (as the liner notes ask, how many vacations a year does Howard Wuelfing get, anyway?). The Holidays recall Jan Dean with the bouncy "Sleighbell Bop," while Jersey Beat's own Love Pushers do a faithful cover of Big Star's "Jesus Christ." [My favorite song on the album - Ed.] The Cheepskates' "Star" (Neil Young meets The Move) alone is worth the price of the compilation. This album will bring lasting pleasure long after you've disposed of your mistletoe.

- Dawn Eden

MOD LANG, 3-song cassette

Fans of Big Star will recognize the name Mod Lang as a song on the Radio City LP. Although Big Star influences are all over this 3-song demo from the New York band with the same name, (one cut even borrows the riff from "O My Soul"), Mod Lang displays more than enough originality to distinguish themselves from Alex Chilton copycats.

The tape kicks off with "Jill," an instant pop classic - full of unforgettable hooks, insightful lyrics, Rubber Soul-style guitar licks, precise harmonies, and incredible chord changes. The two songs that follow, "Things To Say" and "Touched Not Fine," are in the same vein. Although songwriter Bob Windbiel does double duty as lead singer and guitarist, he handles both chores equally well. If you like music that sounds better each time you listen to it, check Mod Lang out.

- Dawn Eden

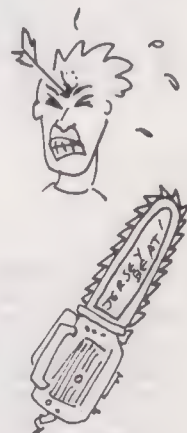
Cassette available from Finyl Vinyl, 89 2nd Ave., NYC.

CHRIS STAMEY

"Christmastime 45,"
Coyote/Twin/Tone

Since Twin/Tone pretty much missed Christmas with last year's delayed release of the Chris Stamey Xmas LP, they re-released it this year along with this remixed 45 of the record's brightest, happiest tune. The flip is new, non-LP track, "Occasional Shivers," a beautiful ballad that's right up there with Stamey's prettiest, most affecting songwriting. Hopefully Stamey will come up with that killer LP in '87 that we've all be dreaming of.

- J.T.



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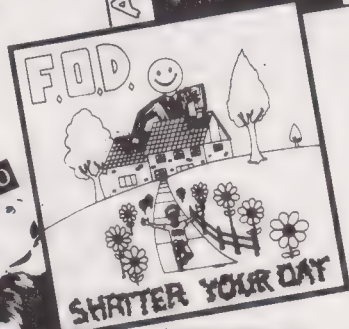
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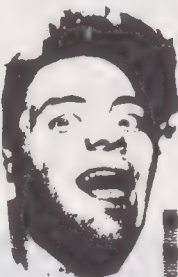
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Ask THE ANARCHIST!

BY YOSI LEVIN



Dear Yosi,

Should I fake my orgasms?

- John Doe

Dear Juan Darlin',

Only a pathetic wimp would ask such a stupid question, but nevertheless, I will respond.

The only purpose for faking an orgasm is to try and make your partner feel as though she has satisfied you. Since you are obviously having partnerless sex, there is no need to fake it.

Dear Mr. Anarchist,

I need some career advice. I have been a professional 'up-and-coming' new-wave musician now for 7 years. Yet I still can't get any respect. Hey, it's not for lack of press-my good friend Bobby Palmer calls me a genius in The New York Times every time I ask him to. But every other critic says I sound like Bruce Springsteen and look like Jim Testa! And my last album came out on a label run by a guy who tends bar! What do you suggest I do?

- Greg McLean

Dear Mr. "Up and Coming" Loser,

The problem with people like you is that you've got too many friends in high places but your music isn't worth squat. Why don't you face the truth? The only reason you've made it this far is because you've been kissing a lot of ass. But wait! Why not write a book called "Up And Coming Loser"...then when you type out the last line, shoot yourself in the head. You'll be a hero! A martyr! An idol! Platinum records!! You'll finally have respect!!

Dear Yosi,

I work at a mortuary moving dead bodies around. Last week I fucked this 68-year old that had tits hanging down to her stomach. I liked it. I could do anything I wanted without asking. Now I get turned on by almost all of these female dead bodies. I'm afraid I might get caught, though. Am I a sicko? What should I do?

- Dead Fuck

Dear D.F.,

Necrophilia can be fun if you don't mind being with a hard, cold body. Almost getting caught makes it even more enjoyable. Imagine your mother catching you at the height of extreme passion down in the cold room. If that doesn't stir up paranoia to the point of ecstasy, nothing will!



SEIZURE

"All Hail The Fucking System," EP
Incas, 272 Benham Ave, Bridgeport, CT 06604

Quite an impressive 7" here from Connecticut's Seizure. I went into this EP thinking it would be just another generic hardcore band singing about things they didn't know about. To my surprise, Seizure cranks out some really excellent riffs with very little metal influence (which seems to be the big thing today) and a gruff but melodic vocalist to top it all off. With Karl on vocals, Sex Bomb on guitar, John on bass, and Spaz on vocals, Seizure do rip! My favorite song is called "Pain Is Pain Is Pain," which reminds me of when Punk was punk and the scenes hadn't yet crossed over. Most of the lyrics here revolve around anti-government ideas and in fact, we've heard them all many times before. But I think Seizure should be given a chance, solely on the basis of their music. Whether this debut 7" will make or break the band is debatable, but if you like quality hardcore, then by all means check this band out, live and on this record.

- John Lisa

REVIEWS!



oi!

FIGURES

The Gateway, LP
TwinTone



My problem with Minneapolis' Figures has always been that, as both a frontman and songwriter, Jeff Waryan's come off as something of a wimp. On The Gateway, the 3rd Figures record, that's all changed. Waryan's vocals have been thickened and strengthened in the mix, and he's started writing and singing the sort of muscular, gutsy rock'n'roll you'd more likely expect from a garage-y guitar mechanic like Tim Lee. What hasn't changed is Waryan & Co.'s knack for elegant guitar filigree; these guys make some of the prettiest guitar music since Television. And the songs expand comfortably to accommodate just enough soloing, without a lot of excessiveness. This is a pretty swell record.

- J.T.

VOLCANO SUNS

All Night Lotus Party, LP
Homestead

Hey, GREAT new rock and roll from Boston's Volcano Suns. This is a very diverse album with a lot of influences. Their ideas are fresh and unique and their style of musicianship is absolutely incredible. The LP has been getting a lot of play on alternative radio. All songs are brilliant but the best is "Walk Around," a short, upbeat song with distorted, screeching guitar that will make you want to learn how to play.

- John Lisa

CAVEMEN

...yeah, LP
Midnight Records

This Austin band looks like the 1960's Beach Boys and sounds like the 1930's Bowery Boys. ...yeah! is made up of 2½ minute whines about girls, parents, and anything the Cavemen wish they didn't have to put up with. Each song has 2 chords, a 4/4 beat, and a monotone masquerading as a melody. As for creativity: Think of how many bands have covered Them's "Gloria". Now add the Cavemen to that list. The only song on ...yeah! that the listener may identify with is "Bored Stiff."

- Dawn Eden



Ask THE ANARCHIST!

Dear Mr. Anarchist,

I've got a problem. I'm a punk rocker. I've got 85 feet of hair. I only wear Harley-Davidson clothes and accessories. I've only seen 1 punk rock band called the Lethlguevet, a 3-man, 1-woman band from somewhere in Los Mahoe, Texas. I never support the punk scene and I always hang out with my parents and dog. Do you think I'm still a punk and not becoming a poser?

Capt. Fun

Dear Mr. Happy,

Breathe easy. You're not a poser. I spoke to my analyst about you and he said you have all the characteristics of a paranoid schizophrenic. He suggests counseling to find out what went wrong during the time you fell in love with your mother. You may deny it now but you've repressed it since you were 6. Also, stay away from people who get you angry since you never know when you'll have an emotionally violent blowup. And stop asking questions about cats and dogs liking each other. That may put you in a semi-permanent rubber box wearing a Chinese waiters jacket.

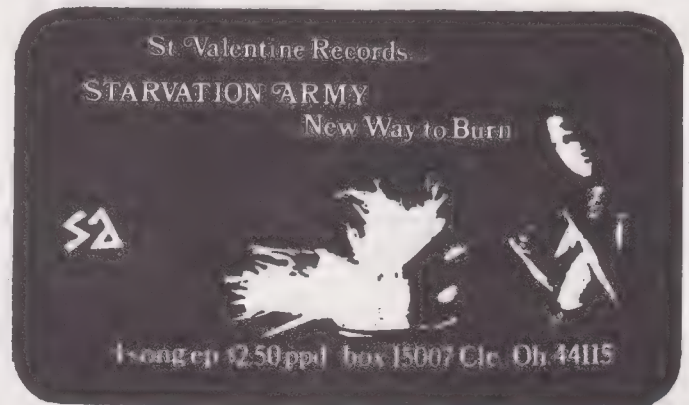
Dear Yosi,

I am developing this strange fetish of walking around the rich sections of town with a can of mace in my hand waiting for 70-year old ladies to try & rape me, so I can spray them in the face. The only problem is they don't seem to have any attraction for me. I'm a fairly handsome young male with a warm smile. So what am I doing wrong? Is it the way I dress, or do I have CHRONIC HALITOSIS?

Please help, yours truly,
Nitti B.

Dear Mr. Neato,

It's your bad breath, your looks, and your clothes that make it so hard for you to be violated by the average well-off granny. The common 70-year old female desires a (quote from my Grandma Smith) "naughty, perverse, ugly boy to shame." I wish you could see the grin on her face when she says that! You have to stop looking like a good boy. Gran Smith likes boys who haven't washed in 3 or 4 days, wear ripped, faded jeans and turtleneck sweaters, always stare at the ground, and read "Ranger Rick." (Grandma will be in the Village on New Year's Eve, don't wimp out! She'll be in the pink leather mini-skirt).



*Homestead
Records*

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CLEFT PALATE

"Big Fat Gash" cassette, Bird O' Pray, PO Box 39, Trenton, NJ 08601

Oh no! It's them two demented Cleft Palate dudes again, so you best run and hide, 'cos they want your brains & they want to squeeze them in the palm of their hands. While the other half of the great Scornflakes now tour and record with Gone, William Tucker and vocal madman Chris Chang (aka Boy White) have not been idle. They have created this masterwork to torturous, brain-frying insanity. This is Bird o'Prey's most disturbing & scornful project yet.

Thanks to barrier-breaking vocal greats like Capt. Beefheart, Yoko Ono, and John Lydon, we can almost appreciate the painful vocal excursions of Boy White. The extreme hystriotic screams and metal funk raps are unrelenting, the anger often so thick that it coats the surroundings. Even the Palate's most serious episodes appear silly at first listen - destroying Yuppies, toasting punks, and questioning just who are the art faggots?!

Speaking of relentlessness, there is an almost non-stop pounding-on-the-skull, yet varied, sludge-funk beat here throughout. These tunes never really come to an end, either, they just mutate into the next piece. Not unlike Big Black, Chrome, or even SMERSH, Billy has gotten them drum machines to anchor everything & beat us all into oblivion. A great deal of time/care seems to have gone into the production as well, with thick layers of guitar and vocal exploration covering up the entire audio spectrum. There are also some well-done souplike electronic interludes between them grooves.

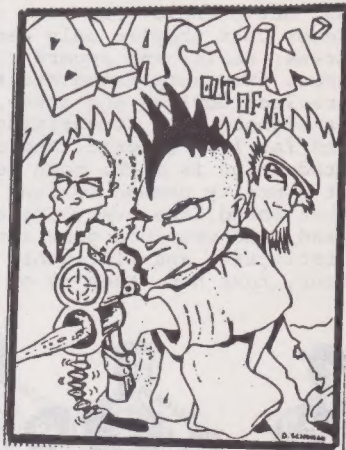
On "God Pound," the vibrant landscape slides into opposite directions, as waves of sound slowly rise up & down. It is a dark, Throbbing Gristle-like journey that is quite long & most fascinating. An electronic meditation that slowly changes textures, no doubt one of Billy's finest moments.

A few months back, Mr. Tucker finally got a chance to sing lead on a silly dance-floor 12" by his other duo, the Singing Pistons. On Cleft Palate's "Freak Show" he really pulls off more lethal vocalizing. Check out them alien but no less rocking guitars.

"Brain Squeeze" has been released recently on a limited edition 12" and is an effective dance metal/sludge rock anthem. It should be as popular as Run DMC, if there were any justice in this void. Boy White actually doesn't scream, he sings, demands, & wants to do us all in. That beat will grab you, as will Billy's perfect mean tone on guitar.

Ok kiddies, time to melt down them death metal discs and let Cleft Palate rape your brains. It's just what the good doctor ordered...

- Rock N. Rollo Gallanter



frozen concentrate

FROZEN CONCENTRATE

"Writing On The Wall"/"Changing Lite"

Melted, 618 Willow Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030

Frozen Concentrate have reached a new peak with this deliriously jubilant single. Altho they have been amazing live for years, this 45 truly captures their special magic on vinyl. They've continued to grow on many levels, vocally, instrumentally, and spiritually; their flowing dance groove consistently uplifts all who listen; and while they've absorbed many types of music from around the planet, their sound is at its most distinctive stage yet. "Writing On The Wall" has one of the most intoxicating and refreshing grooves of 1986. Just the right aura of mystery surrounds it, as well; the band, maturing as songwriters, has turned song/form inside out. The song begins, develops, and ends in unexpected ways. Still, it all feels right. Tina Maschi has an unforgettable, smokey voice that burns at the center, with a tinge of anguish. The lyrics fit perfectly, with one section really standing out: the harmony backup vocals chant, "She will be a part of the wave," and the entire environment bubbles with cosmic enthusiasm. Praise be, "Changing Lite" feels even better. Pumping & jumping, rocking out, but hypnotic as well. This is their most gripping groove yet. High point here is the classic rock guitar solo, a true extension of the lyric spirit, a wee bit Santana-like. The brooding lyrics discuss survival, loss (once again), and finding oneself by 'stepping into the light.' Frozen Concentrate's inner strength & beauty are most apparent with this release, so dig in & groove. Great pic sleeve art too!

- Bruce Gallanter

BLASTIN' OUT OF NJ

Faith compilation cassette

PO Box 7235, Trenton, NJ 08628

Editor Jon Levine of Faith has collected a thorough sampling of hardcore bands from that No Man's Land south of New Brunswick and north of Philly known as South Jersey. The tape mixes up frantic thrash, old-fashioned (pre-metal) hardcore, and fun-punk, with collectible cuts from hard-to-find bands like C.O.D., V.I., Doc Marten, X-Men, and Hogan's Heroes. Hear tomorrow's hardcore heroes today. Send an extra buck for a copy of Jon's great fanzine, too.

- J.T.

THE WILL TO DIE

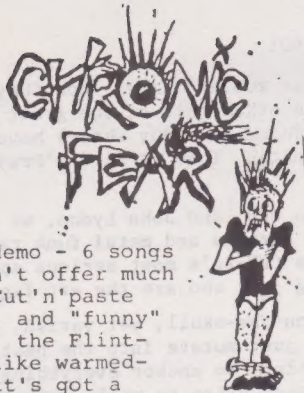
Smash Apathy compilation cassette

PO Box 1216, Fairlawn, NJ 07410

This comp has a feisty indifference to genres and labels befitting Smash Apathy's aggressively independent editor, D.A. Things start off with weirdness from those loveable alien intelligences from Piscataway, SMERSH, and proceed thru classic HC cuts (NJ's Finest, Nils), brand-new voices from the HC underground (New Republic), a few "name" bands (Ed Gein's Car, Subhumans), and lots more cool stuff from punk's cutting edge. One of the best comps around.

- J.T.

REVIEWS!



YAK'S PICK.....

.....FLICKS

CHRONIC FEAR - Demo
Chronic Fear's "official" demo - 6 songs recorded on 8-track - doesn't offer much you haven't heard before: Cut'n'paste hardcore, muddy production, and "funny" lyrics - about cockroaches, the Flintstones, etc. - that sound like warmed-over Bedlam. Eric McDermott's got a bellowy voice and Bob Rosenberger's gtr. doesn't seem to know any licks he didn't learn from old Circle Jerks LP's. Ah, but Chronic Fear have newer 16-track demos that they're only sending to the press, radio, and record companies, and these show surprising growth: The songs are less obvious and jokey, the playing is tighter, the songwriting more original and far less generic. And of course the production is much, much better as well. It's pretty common to find hardcore bands that sound like everybody else's hardcore band, and who then grow into a more distinctive and listenable unit. Chronic Fear, fear not; they're on the way there. (J.T.)



BANDAÏDO

& THE ANY SURFACE BAND

What hath Casio wrought? Bandaïdo and his merry band of mini-synth mischief-makers concoct a pot-pourri of happy little sounds from small electric appliances and a 4-track recorder. Tim Granda, aka Bandaïdo, can make his nasal mock-Brit voice sound like anything from Peter Parrott's Only Ones to weird funk tape-loop noises. Depending on whether he's in a pop or arty mood. All of his tricks are captured on the band's new 14-song cassette, which comes with its own comic book. Some of these songs tinkle with the found-toy sounds of Pianosaurs while others can really rock out. More of Shake-0's guitar in the mix and they'd be dangerous.

*T.Granda, 8 Portsmouth Rd., Manalapan, NJ 07726.

GIRLS SCHOOL SCREAMERS

Absolutely nothing good can be said about this 'film' that I traveled all the way up to 42nd Street to see. It will be making its video debut very soon. It is just your run-of-the-mill slasher flick, and is boring. It has some nice chicks, but not enough detailed death. The best thing about this film is the poster ad! Unless you like junk movies like myself, avoid this at all costs!!



TOXIC ZOMBIES

I rate this in the top 5 of the best independent films ever made! The story concerns some pot-growing hippies that grow weed upstate. The fuzz sprays their crop with some chemicals that kill the marijuana but also turn the hippie/farmers into zombies! Has some decent special effects for a low-budgeter, and very good acting. I highly recommend this for zombie-film completists. The video cassette also has a vicious-looking sticker on it. RENT It!

By NICK BARRACATO

VIDEO



EYES

By JIM TESTA

Doggy Style in "A Hard Dog's Night"
Flipside Video, Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608

Flipside's first stab at narrative filmmaking (as opposed to their successful "video fanzines" of live clips) is an awful mess. The band Doggy Style plays themselves; what passes for a plot has them on the run from a loan shark and giving a press conference (in which the only reporter is a 12-year old fanzine editor). Part of the problem is Doggy Style - they're a dumb generic SoCal thrash band, and their unfunny stage antics set the tone for this whole unfunny mess. The credits say, "Directed by Everybody," which is another way to say, Nobody. You can't make a comedy without some sense of pacing and characterization. This thing is limp and flaccid where it should be slaphappy & kinetic, and the script is such a mess you can't even tell the members of Doggy Style apart. Maybe they could make a sequel about how Doggy Style broke up and reformed as Doggy Rock, with ex-Minor Threat Brian Baker moving to California to join them. Nah, nobody'd believe it.

RECORD & TAPE REVIEWS!



by Howard Wuelfing, Jr.

Well, the fuckheads downstairs (read "landlords") been BLASTIN' the damned Brucebox for the past hour-and-a-half (I figger that leaves 2 to go) and MTV's showing Madonna's new peep show vid on the hour (bracketed by the usual surfeit of Top Gun trailers and other AOR atrocities). If Sid Vicious died for this generation's sins, he deserves to deep-fry in Hades. So what's a parent to do, 'cept seek refuge in the sympathetic iconoclasm of indie squibbling, right-eo?

Shadow of Fear make for a game opening show, 'spesh at max dB's. "In The Flesh" (St. Valentines, Box 79116, Cleveland, OH 44107) is a withering blast of steel woolen noise impaled on a mammoth hunk o' solid psaltry. A livelier jig, this, than Killing Joke ever essayed, venturing out from the same basic aesthetic premises. The flip's a smoggy ramble tumbling of Calé's rampage thru "Heartbreak Hotel."

Green River provide another teeth-chattering jolt of hi-density spunk with a timely, rip-snortin' remake of the Dead Boys' dead cool "Ain't Nothin' To Do." "Together We'll Never" is a heavy, het-up p-rocker with just enough hex-rock frou frou to spit in the eyes of heterodoxist bores.

With "Sea Cruise" (Homestead), Beantown's Volcano Suns let loose the mightiest powerdrone to assail my ears in many the month. Dissonant, stacked, and adamant. Friggin' monstrous! "Greasy Spine" is a blood relation to the instrumental romp from the Velvets' languorous "The Gift," only more hambone 'n handsome and with a sassier vocal stapled atop. Huzzah!

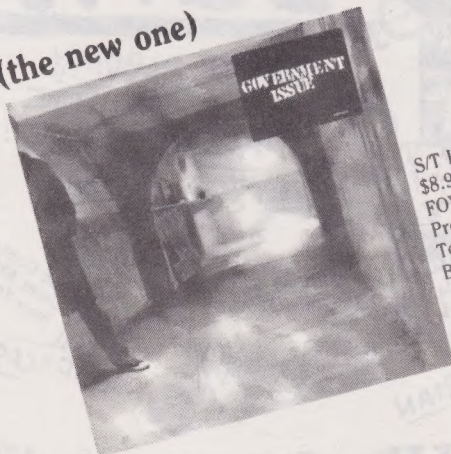
Circle Sky kick in some meat 'n potatoes rockin' with a decided vintage R&B kick on "Strut." (Flaming Pie, 5 Barrows St., #5A, Boston, MA 02134). Like "Tattooed Love Boys" re-tooled for simpletons.

Nullset's "Forget Ya First" (Parabola, 217 Oakmoor, So. Plainfield, NJ 07080) is an ambitious 6-tease pop homage with an unmistakably Jersey ultra-trashy feel. Strong vocals, kinetic chord changes -- reminds me o' the Turtles f'r chrissakes! Suffers a tade production-wise but that's D.I.Y. for ya.



GOVERNMENT ISSUE

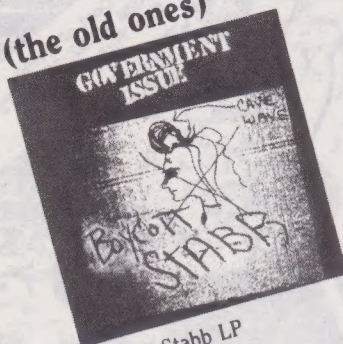
(the new one)



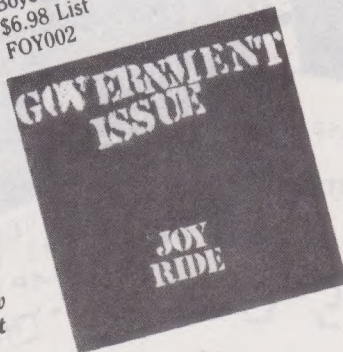
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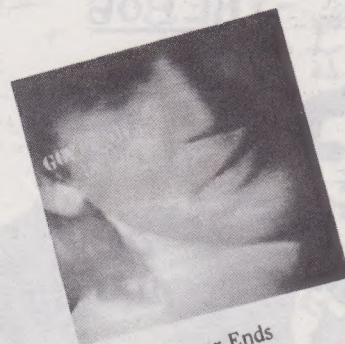
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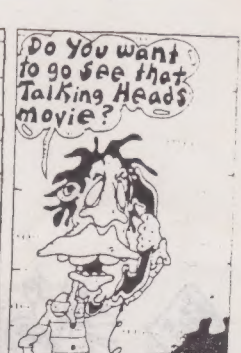
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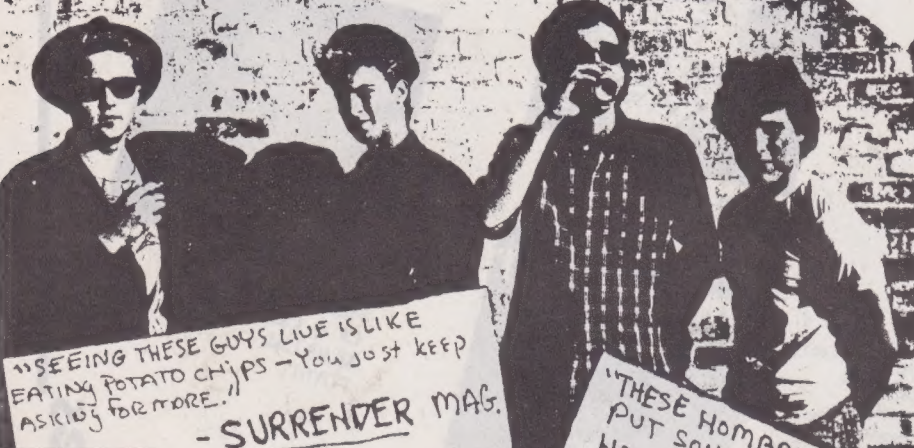
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